



La Vergne inv.

E Kirkall sculp.



La Vergne inv.

E Kirkall sculp.

THE
RESURRECTION
A
POEM.

Written by Mr. ADDISON.

*Venient citò Secula, cum jam
Socius Calor ossa revisat,
Animataque Sanguine vivo
Habitacula pristina gestet. Prud.*

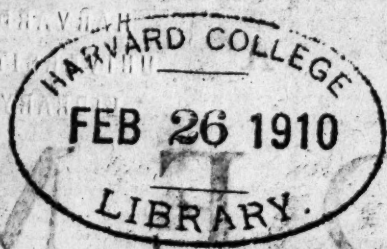


L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL in Fleet-street. 1718.

Price Six Pence.

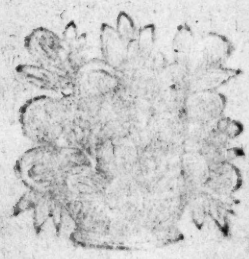
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Castle fund

Written by Mr. Addison
RECEIVED APR 4 1911

Recent city scene, cum jam
Socii Color offa vestit;
Columbatque sanguine vivo
Habitacula prima gesset. Pind.



L O W D O A:
Printed for H. Currier in Fleet St. 1718
Price Six Pence



THE PREFACE.



THE following Lines are
esteemed by the best
Judges to be the finest
Sketch of the *Resur-*
rection, that any Age or Language
hath produced: Nor do their on-
ly Excellence consist in being an

A 2 accurate

accurate *Poem* ; but also in being an exact Copy of the Painter's * Original upon the *Altar* in *Magdalen* College ; but so much improved with all the strongest Figures and most lively Embellishments of a poetical Description, that the *Reader* receives a double Satisfaction in seeing the two Sister-Arts so useful to each other in borrowing mutual Helps, and mutual Advantages.

It is, indeed, wonderful to find in the narrow Compass of so few Pages all the most dreadful Circumstances of that last terrible Crisis of Time: The *Poem* is a beautiful and succinct *Epitome* of all that hath or can ever be said

* *Old Fuller.*

on that important Subject ; the very Text, which the ingenious Mr. *Young* hath so largely and elegantly paraphras'd upon in his excellent Poem on the LAST DAY.

Mr. *Addison* is to be distinguish'd thro' all his Performances both *Latin* and *English*, (and in his *Latin*, particularly in the following one, and that on the Peace of *Riswick*), by the strength of his Images, and by a forcible and unaffected vivacity of Expression, which none of our Moderns have attain'd to in so much Perfection ; and which is very rarely to be met with even in any of the Antients since *Virgil* and *Horace*.

Having

Having mention'd Mr. *Addison*, I cannot avoid congratulating my Country on his Preferment to one of her greatest Civil Employments; nor forbear observing how happy we are in a KING, who hath shown the World that he will distribute his Favours amongst those only, whom Merit and Virtue shall recommend to his Service.

With what uncommon Lustre must that Man appear to Posterity, who is not only the best Writer and most candid Patron of the Age he lives in; but also the finest Gentleman, the sincerest Friend, the most affectionate Husband, the most accomplish'd Statef-

Statesman, and the most exemplary Christian? Under every one of these Views Mr. *Addison* gains the Esteem and Admirati-
on even of the bitterest Enemies to that Cause which he so warmly espouses; of the most furious Partisans and the most prejudic'd of Mankind.

I must forbear to enlarge any farther on the Character of that truly great and good Man, lest I draw upon my self the imputation of a Flatterer, by relating what all the World (except himself only) will allow to be the severest Truth.

I shall make no excuse for offering the following Poem to the
World

World in an *English* DRESS,
 and under all the Disadvantages
 of an imperfect Translation. I
 have often read it in the Original
 with the greatest Pleasure and Sa-
 tisfaction; and I hope it will need
 no Apology to be willing to com-
 municate so useful and sublime an
 Entertainment, in the best man-
 ner I can, to those of my Fellow-
 Subjects who are not qualify'd to
 read it in the *Latin* Original.

T H E



RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

Ad Altare Col. Magd. Oxon.

EGregios fuci tractus, calamique labores;
Surgentēque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora

Judicis, & simulacra modis pallentia miris

Terribilem visu pompam, Tu Carmine Mūsā

Pande novō, vatique sacros accende furores.

Olim Planitiem (quam nunc fecunda Colorum
Insignit Pictura) inhonesto & simplice cultu

Vestiit albedo, sed nē rima ulla priorem

Agnoscat faciem; mox fundamenta futuræ

Substravit Pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem

Per muros traxit; velamine moenia crasso

Squallent obducta, & rudioribus illita fucis.

Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)

Nē spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,

Per cava cœlorum, & convexa patentia latè

Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat Æther;

Mox radiante novum torreat lumine mundum

Titan, & pallens alienos mitius ignes

Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc confitus astris

B

Scin-

Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Laetens omne
Diffuere in Cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.

Sic, operis postquam lussit primordia Pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem

Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, & Picturatum vulgus inane.

Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema Ministris,
Sparsaque per totam Cœlestis turba Tabellana
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, & attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per inam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, & plurima surgit imago.

Sic, dum fecundis *Cadmus* dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.

Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim dirigit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nates
Manca, & adhuc deest informi de Corpore multum,
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, & imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

Detrahe quin oculos Spectator, & ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,

Qua

Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
 Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
 Circùm tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
 Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet Ignis ocellis,
 Plurimaque effulget Majestas Numine toto.
 Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
 Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
 Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
 Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
 Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
 Nativum petiit cœlum, & super æthera vectus
 Despexit Lunam exiguam, Solemque minorem.

Jam latus effossunt, & palmas ostendit utraq;
 Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
 Signa, & transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
 Umbrae huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
 Tuta petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
 Matres, & longaevum reddita Corpora vitam
 Infantum, Juvencos, Rueri, innuptæque Puellæ
 Stant circum, loque avidos jubat immortale bibentes.
 Affigunt oculos in Numina; Laudibus æther
 Intonat, & læto rident Cœlum omne triumpho.
 His Amor impariens conceptaque gaudia mentem
 Funditus exagitant, inoque in pectore fervent.
 Non æquè exultat flagranti corde *Sibylla*,
 Hospes cum tulerit incluso, & præcordia sentit
 Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.

Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
 Quam Mitra effigiem distinxit Pictor, honesto
 Surgentem è tumulo, Alatoque Satellite sultam?
 Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:
 Eheu quando animi par invenietur Imago!
 Quando alium similem virtus habitura!

Irati innocuas securus Numinis iras

Aspicit, impavidosque in Iudice figit ocellos.

Quin age, & horrentem commixtis Igne tenebris

Jam videas scenam, multo hic stagnantia furo

Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto Sulphure rivum

Fingunt, & falsus tanta arte accenditur Ignis,

Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne

Livida serpat opus, tenuisque absunpta recedat

Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.

Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri

Infrendet dentes, & rugis contrahit ora.

Vindex à tergo implacabile sævit, & ensent

Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos

Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.

Heu! quid agat tristis? quò se cœlestibus iris

Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto

Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit

Nequicquam, & sero in lacrymas effunditur; obstat

Sortes non revocandæ, & inexorable Numen.

Quàm varias aperit veneres Pictura! periti

Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum

Gratia se præfert! tales non discolor Iris

Ostendat, vario cum Immine floridus imber

Rore nitet toto, & gutta scintillat in omni.

O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate Colores!

Nec, Pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,

Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

Jo. Addison, & Coll. Magd. 1699



THE
RESURRECTION
POEM.



HE Pencil's glowing Lines and
vast Command,

And Mankind rising from the
Painter's Hand,

The awful Judge array'd in beamy Light,

And Spectres trembling at the dreadful sight,

B

To

2 *A POEM on the Resurrection.*

To sing, O! Muse, the pious Bard inspire,
And waken in his Breast the Sacred Fire.

The hallow'd Field, a bare white Wall of late,
Now cloath'd in gaudy Colours, shines in State;
And lest some little Interval confess

It's ancient simple Form, and homely Dress,

The skilful Artist laid o'er every Part,

The first Foundation of his future Art,

O'er the wide Frame his ductile Colours led,

And with thick Daubings all the Wall o'erspread.

As e'er yon spangling Orbs were hung on high,

Lest one great Blank should yawn thro' bound-
less Sky,

Thro'

A POEM on the Resurrection. 3

Thro' the wide heavenly Arch, and trackless
Road

In Azure volumes the pure *Æther* flow'd ;
The *Sun* at length burns out, intensely bright,
And the pale *Crescent* sheds her borrow'd
Light ;

With thick-sown Stars the radiant *Pole* is
crown'd,
Of milky Glories a long Tract is found,
O'erflows, and whitens all the Heav'ns around.

So when the Groundwork of the Piece was laid,
Nor yet the Painter had his Art display'd,
With flower Hand, and Pencil more divine
He blends each Colour, heightens ev'ry Line,

4 *A POEM on the Resurrection.*

Till various Forms the breathing Picture wears,
And a mute *Groupe* of Images appears.

Celestial Guards the topmost height attend,
And Crouds of Angels o'er the Wall descend;
With their big Cheeks the deaf'ning Clarions
wind,

Whose dreadful Clangors startle all Mankind;
Ev'n the Dead hear; the Lab'ring Graves Con-
ceive,

And the swoln Clod in Picture seems to heave:
Ten thousand Worlds revive to better Skies,
And from their Tombs the thronging Coarces
rise,

A POEM on the Resurrection. 5

So when fam'd *Cadmus* sow'd the fruitful Field,
With pregnant Throws the quicken'd Furrow
 swell'd ;
From the warm Soil sprung up a warlike Train,
And Human harvests cover'd all the Plain.

And now from ev'ry Corner of the Earth
The scatter'd Dust is call'd to second Birth ;
Whether in Mines it form'd the rip'ning Mass,
Or humbly mix'd, and flourish'd in the Grass :
The sever'd Body now unites again,
And kindred Atoms rally into Men ;

The

6 *A POEM on the Resurrection.*

The various Joynts resume their ancient Seats,
And ev'ry Limb its former Task repeats,
Here an imperfect Form returns to Light,
Not half renew'd, dishonest to the Sight;
Maim'd of his Nose appears his blotted Face,
And scarce the Image of a Man we trace;
Here by Degrees infus'd, the vital Ray
Gives the first Motion to the panting Clay:
Here on the guilty Brow pale Horrors glare,
And all the Figure labours with *Despair*.

From Scenes like these now turn thy wond'ring
Sight,
And, if thou can't withstand such Floods of
Light,

Look !

A POEM on the Resurrection. 7

Look! where thy SAVIOUR fills the middle Space;
The Godhead op'ning in his awful Face;
See! what mild Beams their gracious Influence
shed,

And how the pointed Radiance crowns his
Head!

Around his Temples lambent Glories shine,

And on his Brow sits Majesty Divine;

His Eye-balls lighten the Celestial Fires,

And ev'ry Grace to Speak the God conspires.

How chang'd from him, who came to be Be-
tray'd,

And who for Man the precious Ransom paid!

Who

8 *A POEM on the Resurrection.*

Who did on Earth such arduous Toils sustain,
And patient bore an irksom Life of Pain ;
But Death and Hell subdu'd, the Deity
Ascends Triumphant to his native Sky ;
And rising far above th' Æthereal Height,
The Sun and Moon diminish'd to his Sight.

And now to View he bare'd his bleeding side,
And his pierc'd Hands and Feet, in Crimson
dy'd ;

Still did the Nails the recent Scars reveal,
And bloody Tracks of the transfixing Steel.
Hither in Crouds the *Blessed* shape their Flight,
And throng the Mansions of Immortal Light ;

A POEM on the Resurrection. 17⁹

The fruitful Matron and the spotless Maid,
And Infants, with a longer Life repaid,
Stand round ; and drinking in Celestial Rays,
On their REDEEMER fix with ardent Gaze,
And all the Heav'ns resound with Hymns of
Praise.

Each Bosom Kindles with Seraphic Joy,
And conscious Raptures all the Soul employ.
Not equal Raptures swell the Sybil's Breast,
When by the inmate Deity possess'd ;
When *Phæbus* the Prophetic Maid inspires,
And her Limbs tremble with convulsive Fires.

But whence this sudden Blaze of dazzling Light !
What Mitred Brow is that, which greets my Sight ?

C

Forth

10
18 *A POEM on the Resurrection.*

Forth from a stately Tomb he lifts his Head,
And to the Skies on Angels Wings is sped.
I know the Form--- alike the Look and Mien,
Another * WAINFLET in his Face is seen :
When will, alas ! such spotless Worth be found ?
When will a Mind with equal Virtues crown'd ?
Fearless he sees almighty Vengeance rise,
And fixes on his GOD his guiltless Eyes.

But now far different Scenes our Wonder
claim,
Horrent with Darkness and Malignant Flame ;

* *William Wainflet*, Bishop of *Winchester*. He was the
Founder of *Magdalen College*, and the *Hall* adjoining.

A POEM on the Resurrection. 19

The labour'd Wall delusive Picture hides
And liquid Sulphur rolls in burning Tides ;
So Strong, so fierce, the painted Flames arise,
The pale Spectator views them with surprize ;
Believes the blazing Wall indeed to burn,
And fears the Frame should into Ashes turn.
Hither in ghastly Crouds the Guilty haste,
Obscene with Horrour and with shame defac'd ;
With haggard Looks the gloomy Fiends appear,
They gnash their foamy Teeth, and frown
severe.

A stern *Avenger*, with relentless Mind,
Waving a flamy Faulchion, stalks behind ;
With which, as once from Paradise he drove,
He drives the Sinner from the Joys above.

120 *A POEM on the Resurrection.*

What shall he do forlorn ? or whither fly,
To shun the Ken of an All-seeing Eye ?
What would he give amongst the Just to shine,
And fall before Omnipotence Divine ?
But oh ! too late in Sighs he vents his Woe,
Too late his Eyes with gushing Tears o'erflow !
Vain are his Sighs and fruitless are his Tears,
Vengeance and Justice stop th' *Almighty's* Ears.

See ! with what various Charms the Piece is
fraught,
And with what pregnant Marks of Judgment
wrought !
With how much Grace the living Colours glow !
Not brighter Colours paint the watry Bow ;
When

A POEM on the Resurrection. 13

When the fresh Show'rs her various Lustre
share,

And ev'ry Drop with Spangles decks the Air.

O! may the Painter's Labours never fade,
Nor wastful Time their shining Charms invade,
'Till the first Dawn of that Eternal Light,
Which by his fruitful Pencil shines so Bright.

F I N I S.



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